

Memories of Santa Claus

by Jetta Marie Allred

I suppose my folks took us down to the 4th Ward church to see Santa Claus. I was young, I don't know how old, I'm not sure I was in school yet, so I really hadn't been out around people or anything. But I was looking and they were talking about Santa Claus coming. He was coming, and of course I thought he flew through the air in a sleigh.

I looked out the window and I could see his sleigh runner go past the window. Just as true, and, oh, there he is, he's coming, you know. So I really believed in Santa Claus. I don't know what I saw—a light of some kind. And we didn't have lights; we didn't have electricity then.